

... THE ...

# Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR.

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."--Luke xxii: 32.

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## THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

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Roman Catholics and their conversion  
to Evangelical Christianity.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

HOW can Roman Catholics be brought to a knowledge of evangelical truth? is a question that comes to us in many letters, and we are always glad to receive such inquiries.

Be a witness for Christ. Tell them the way of salvation as you understand it. The Holy Spirit will direct you when you earnestly desire to win a soul for Christ. "I know I am a Christian," is a sentence that will impress the person you address, and in telling how the gift of God has been bestowed upon you and appropriated by you, you are an ambassador of Christ. The Holy Spirit bears witness with your spirit that you are a child of God through the work that Christ has done for you, and you work for Him when you lift Him up to others who have not yet received the gift.

Give the person you speak to a New Testament. If objection be made that it is a Protestant Book, we will send you a Roman Catholic version, the Douay, as it is called, without note or comment, and that obstacle will be removed. There is very little difference between what is called the Protestant and Catholic versions of the Bible.

**Good Literature for Catholics.**

With the Bible and personal testimony give copies of **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC** to the Roman Catholics. They will be interested in it. The author of the beautiful story now drawing to a close—"Strong as Death—a Story of the Huguenots," in a recent note says: "A copy of **THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC** was handed to a Roman Catholic woman by a friend of yours, Mr. Aubrey Vail, in his colportage work, and she was so much pleased with it that she decided to subscribe for it. She purchased from him at the same time 'Grace and Truth,' so you see she now is well furnished to know the truth."

Many similar cases have come to our knowledge. Let the light shine and darkness will disappear.

**Testimony Better Than Controversy.**

In conversing with Roman Catholics on religious subjects they sometimes provoke controversy by saying, "We have our own church and you have yours." Personally we let such a statement pass without comment, and keep close to the exaltation of the Christ as the Saviour from whom all things spiritual come. They have great respect for Christ, though they know nothing more about Him than that He suffered and died on the cross for the sins of the world. It will be news to them that He is a living power working through the Holy Spirit and interceding for all who believe in Him and trust in Him for salvation. As the Christian dwells upon this subject, the interest of the hearer will be aroused to ask questions on lines far apart from controversy. While the earnest, zealous Christian seeks to gain a soul for the Kingdom, abounding grace with increase of faith and love shall be given by the King. "Ye are My witnesses," saith the Lord. He will bless the testimony.

**Right Relation With God.**

A Roman Catholic or any other person who has not a definite Christian experience will listen to a testimony that witnesses for Christ. A Christian who can say with mind and heart, "I am a sinner saved by grace," and, "Being justified by faith I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," has power to interest others in the work of salvation; and when they are interested the Holy Spirit will show them how to be reconciled to God.

The man who cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," had done his part in getting into a right relation with the Creator. By that act of mind and heart he placed himself in a position to receive the grace of God. As an intelligent being, repentant and believing, his prayer, logically, would be for growth in grace and knowledge. The Holy Spirit plants the seed in his soul, and by the divine power it takes root and grows into the fulness of Christian life. Salvation is bestowed upon him; it is the gift of God, and he uses the gift wisely and well. He works out the salvation he has received. His heart beats responsive to the love of God, and he grows in grace.

**Now is the Acceptable Time.**

There never was a more favorable opportunity of reaching intelligent Roman Catholics with the Gospel than the present time affords. They are disgusted with the reactionary policy of the Vatican in condemning the efforts of men like Archbishop Ireland and the Paulist Fathers to bring the Roman Church in harmony with American civilization and progress. The Pope says in his letter to Cardinal Gibbons, "That cannot be;" and American born Catholics retort, "If the teachings of the Church of our fathers cannot be in harmony with American ideas, we cease to be Catholics." Give them the Gospel.

## Missionaries in Porto Rico.

There is no doubt whatever but converted priests who understand the Spanish language can be most efficient missionaries in our new possessions. Since last October Rev. Manuel Ferrando, the converted Spanish priest who was at Christ's Mission in 1895, has been in Porto Rico doing general missionary work. He will soon be joined by the Rev. A. Lambert, the distinguished Redemptorist priest who was converted in Christ's Mission in 1894. Father Lambert's work will be educational as well as missionary. Father Ferrando has already commenced the publication of a monthly paper called *La Verdad* (*The Truth*).

In his last letter, dated Ponce, Porto Rico, March 14, 1899, our brother Ferrando said that one of his former companions in the priesthood in Colombia, South America, has left the Roman Catholic Church. This priest, Father Sopena, was a member of the Capuchin Order, of which Father Ferrando was the Superior in Colombia when the Lord met him and led him out of the system of priestcraft into the fellowship of the children of God.

In reference to co-operation with Father Lambert, Brother Ferrando says: "I shall be glad to see Father Lambert here, and I believe we could do a great work together."

Since the close of the war with Spain Father Lambert has been most anxious to go to Porto Rico, but his engagements as pastor of a large Wesleyan Church in the island of Jamaica did not permit him to leave his work there until the Wesleyan Conference could release him. The Conference met the first week in March, and though unwilling to let him go, his purpose to preach the Gospel to his former co-religionists was so manifestly directed by the Holy Spirit that the Wesleyans ac-

cepted his resignation and left him free to go to Porto Rico. As soon as he can leave Jamaica he will come to New York, and is expected to arrive at Christ's Mission early in April.

## Sketch of Rev. A. Lambert.

Readers of this magazine will remember that the Rev. A. Lambert came to Christ's Mission in 1894 while he was conducting a mission with three other Redemptorist priests in St. James' Roman Catholic Cathedral, Brooklyn N. Y. THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC for April and May of that year contained full accounts of his conversion, which was the most remarkable that had occurred in this country in many years. The daily press at the time also gave long reports of the incidents connected with his renunciation of Romanism and his acceptance of the evangelical faith. The following is part of what appeared in the *New York Mail and Express*, March 22, 1894:

"A remarkable conversion from the Roman Catholic Church has just taken place. Rev. A. Lambert, a member of the Redemptorist Order, the founder of which was St. Alphonsus Liguori, has renounced his allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church and withdrawn from the priesthood. He is now a guest of Rev. James A. O'Connor, the converted Catholic priest and founder of Christ's Mission, an evangelical institution at 142 West Twenty-first street, this city.

"Mr. Lambert has just closed a successful two weeks mission in conjunction with three other Redemptorist priests in the Cathedral of St. James, on Jay street, Brooklyn. He was one of the most eloquent of the quartet of priests who have been conducting this mission.

### "A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"A week ago last Tuesday Rev. Mr. Lambert called on Rev. Mr. O'Connor,

and, after asking for a private interview, told him that he was weary in soul and sick at heart from the superstitions and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. He presented to Mr. O'Connor what theologians call a 'case of conscience.' Having lost faith in the distinctive tenets of his Church, would he be justified in withdrawing from it and renouncing the priesthood?

"Mr. O'Connor replied that he could not with honor continue in the false position in which the development of thought had placed him. He could not smother his thoughts, and if he had attempted to do so his whole manhood would suffer. Being in a false position now, the sooner he got out of it the better.

" 'That is my case,' said Mr. Lambert, 'but should I follow your advice, where shall I go? What can I do? Being a member of a religious order and bound to poverty, I have no means. Though I have earned for my order sometimes \$500 a month giving missions, all that has been turned into the monastery, and I received only my food and raiment.'

"Mr. O'Connor replied that his Mission was for just such men as he, and that he would welcome him to his home as a member of his family and as a brother in Christ who was searching for the truth.

"On Saturday Mr. Lambert came to Mr. O'Connor's Mission, where he will remain until his future work is determined."

In 1895 Father Lambert went to Jamaica, West Indies, where he was appointed pastor in connection with the Wesleyan Church, and where he has since labored with great success. He has received the highest testimonials from the Wesleyan Conference, and nothing but a sense of duty to God could induce him to leave the work in Jamaica. Like every priest who has

been truly converted to Christ, his heart's desire and prayer to God is that the Gospel in its simplicity and power might be preached to those whom he formerly served as a priest. Then he was one of the blind leaders of the blind. Now through the loving kindness and tender mercy of God he can present to them the "Light of the world," Jesus Christ the Saviour, the only Mediator between God and man.

It is a subject of deep thankfulness to God that Christ's Mission should be the means of the conversion of a man of Father Lambert's endowments. When he withdrew from the Roman Church even the papal press had to acknowledge that he was one of the best of the priests. The *New York Sun*, March 24, 1894, said: "In January last, at a mission held in St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church, Saratoga, N. Y., Mr. Lambert preached every day for two weeks, and under the influence of his impressive and persuasive eloquence a large number of men and women avowed conversion and were gathered into the Church."

Father Wissel, the superior of the Redemptorist missionaries who had been associated with Father Lambert in the work in Brooklyn, said, while regretting his departure, he was most faithful in his work as a member of the Order. "He never went out," said he to a *Sun* reporter, "without asking my leave, but he did go out often with my permission during the last week, and, as now appears, to have interviews with Father O'Connor. . . . I esteemed him much, and his relations with me and with the other Fathers had always been harmonious and agreeable."

As will be seen by his picture, Father Lambert is in the prime of life. Before he became a priest he had been an officer in the Belgian army. Now as a Protestant minister, a soldier of Christ, his life is devoted to the service of the Great High Priest.

## Brother McGovern in Cuba.

The Rev. James T. McGovern after a successful year's work as a missionary in Mexico, has been transferred by the Baptist Home Mission Society to Cuba and placed in charge of the work in Santiago. A letter from him to Christ's Mission last month, dated Cienfuegos, Cuba, announced that he was on his way to Santiago, where a survey of the work to be done had already been made by the Baptist Society. With Diaz, "the Apostle of Cuba," in Havana, and McGovern in Santiago, the Baptists are well represented in the island. The Rev. Dr. Taylor of the Southern Baptist Church is also engaged in mission work in Cuba.

Mr. McGovern, who had been a Paulist, was converted at Christ's Mission in 1896. He is only thirty years of age. The Paulist Fathers had no brighter man in their Society. After a course of study in Crozer Seminary, the Baptist Home Mission sent him as a missionary to Mexico.

Christ's Mission is constantly receiving priests out of the Roman Catholic Church, men of character and ability, who appreciate the advantages offered them to learn the Christian way of life.

## CHRIST'S MISSION DEBT NOW REDUCED TO \$3,500.

Among the contributors to the \$500 that was paid last month on the debt on Christ's Mission was a lady in this city who gave \$100, and two brothers, venerable ministers of Christ—the Rev. Drs. Frederick L. King and Albert B. King, who showed their practical sympathy with the work the Mission is doing by a donation of fifty dollars. Heartfelt thanks are given to the other

Christian friends who made up this amount of \$500.

All the friends of the Mission rejoice at the gradual reduction of the debt, and even the Roman Catholics who are spiritually minded are glad that the burden is being lifted from a place where the glorious Gospel of the Son of God is preached and where a loving welcome awaits them when they desire to learn the way of the Lord and worship Him in spirit and in truth.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Christ's Mission will be held in May, when it is hoped a report can be made of another large reduction of the debt.

Two promises of fifty dollars each are still unpaid, and there is another promise of one hundred dollars.

If a few other friends would also send **one hundred dollars** each; and—

**Twenty** of the Lord's people would give **fifty dollars** each; and—

**Fifty** friends **twenty-five dollars** each; and—

**One hundred** to form a "century link" of **ten dollars** each; and—

**Another hundred of five dollars** each—the debt would soon be paid. This is a good way to pay it off, so that it may not continue to cripple the work.

While various churches are calling for a "century offering" of millions of dollars, Christ's Mission wants only \$3,500 to have the building free and unencumbered for the good work it is doing. Let all the friends who think and hope and pray that the debt should be paid, earnestly follow up their good wishes by whatever contributions they can give, and the report in May will show the whole debt paid. A statement of the cancelling of the debt would be read with thankfulness by Christians of all denominations who are interested in this work for the evangelization of the Catholics and the pulling down of the strongholds of Rome.

### Money For Masses.

A ROMAN Catholic priest will say mass, that is, he will consecrate the wafer and wine and "transubstantiate" these elements into the body and blood of Christ, for any person who gives him money. The purpose of the person who pays for the service may be good or bad, as the priest does not usually ask what the "intention" is. The usual formula is, "Father, please say mass for my intention." Politicians may have masses said for the success of their schemes, and rumsellers for increase of business. The priest asks no questions, but pockets the money, and if he is an honest man, says the mass at his convenience.

Without doubt many Roman priests said masses for the success of the Spaniards during our recent war, for they were "of the true faith," and the Americans were Protestants. In Spain the Carlists, who are all fanatical Romanists, have masses said for their cause, which could only be successful by the overthrow of the present dynasty. A dispatch from Madrid, March 14, 1899, said:

"The presence of three hundred soldiers repatriated from Cuba at a high mass yesterday in memory of the Carlists who were killed in the colonial wars exemplifies the intrigues of the Carlists to gain the support of the disbanded troops. An investigation showed that the Carlists paid 5 pesetas to every soldier attending the service."

The amount paid for masses varies according to the wealth of the person. High masses for the dead cost from five dollars to one hundred or more. A priest who wishes to be on good terms with his bishop will occasionally give him fifty or one hundred dollars to say masses for his "intention;" and the bishop in turn will give a priest of whom he is afraid (and there are cases of that

kind) twenty-five or fifty dollars, saying, "I wish, father, you would offer up a few masses for me; I have more 'intentions' than I can say." A parishioner who has offended a priest can always find a door of reconciliation open by giving generously for masses.

What an unholy traffic this is. The Roman Catholic Church teaches that when the priest says mass he brings down Christ upon the altar. There in his hands is the Son of God as He was on earth and as He is in heaven. True God and true man He is made out of a wafer by the priest, and in His divinity and humanity is present, subject to the priest to be consumed, to be locked up in a box or taken around in his pocket. This is an awful thing for a Christian to contemplate—that a man whose life may be virtuous and exemplary or, the contrary, should have the power to create God and manufacture out of a wafer the blessed Saviour and charge a fee for the performance. We believe the Apostle Peter had such unholy traffic as this in mind when he said in his second epistle:

"There were false prophets among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, . . . by reason of whom the way of truth shall be evil spoken of.

"And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you."

In Roman Catholic countries "the way of truth is evil spoken of" by intelligent and educated persons, for the religion of the Church of Rome is the only form of Christianity of which they have knowledge, and that is a matter of traffic. Even in the United States, where the Church has been recruited from the poor and illiterate classes, the revolt against doctrines and practices like the sale of masses has assumed such proportions that the priests are greatly concerned about their reven-

ues. Mass money has always been the priest's perquisite, and when that falls off, other means, like charging an admission fee to hear mass on Sunday, must be tried. The neglect to pay for a mass is not a sin, but it is a mortal sin to stay away from mass on Sunday. The people must pay for that ceremony or suffer eternal damnation.

### Money or Mortal Sin.

The Paulist Fathers have only one church in New York, and the congregation is as distinctively "Irish" as any that can be found down town. Hence very few families can afford to rent a pew, for the great mass of the Irish Roman Catholics in this city cannot be said to have risen above the condition of plain working people. But the Church extorts money from them as unfeelingly as if they were well to do.

One of the great sins in the Roman Church is to omit hearing mass on Sunday. It is a mortal sin that damns the soul to stay away from mass on Sunday. The only excuse is sickness. Notwithstanding this command, with its penalty of the eternal loss of the soul, the Paulists Fathers compel the people to pay for attending the services in the church. At the beginning of last winter they issued a schedule of prices for hearing various masses. Printed circulars were placed in the pews, and the press was asked to give publicity to the regulations. The *New York Times*, November 7, 1898, published the circular in full under the heading "Seats Must be Paid for." The following are the regulations:

"While it is our most earnest wish that every family in our parish should have its own pew or seats, nevertheless we must accept the fact that a large number of people prefer to pay for their seat every Sunday. For such we print a parish regulation every month:

"All persons who do not regularly rent seats are expected to pay for the seat they occupy at all masses except the first. At 6 and 7 o'clock, 5 cents; at 8, 9, 10 and 11, 10 cents."

"The proper way, then, for all such persons is to secure a ticket at the end of the church and present it to the usher, whose business it is to secure you as good a seat as he can. Some people, notwithstanding these simple regulations, seem to fancy they may pay just what they please and sit where they will. Such a course upsets all our calculations and puts to great inconvenience both regular pewholders and ushers as well. This is not in good form, to say the least. To take any seat one chooses, without any regard for the prearranged rights of others, shows very bad manners. Still some take a seat as coolly as if they were a frozen pond in December; you can walk all over them with perfect safety—it has not the slightest effect. The effort to remove them to another vacant seat is as great a contract as to remove an iceberg.

"The prices fixed for the various masses have been customary for years, and therefore no one is at liberty to change them. Eight cents and a large medal don't warrant the ticket seller giving you a 10 cent ticket. Yet some have made such bargains. Those who have charge of these tickets are held responsible and must make returns to our office for every ticket we give them to sell. Neither is the ticket box a sub-treasury for the reception of bad and mutilated coin, nor a place for people to express their opinion about the abuse of charging for seats.

"The duty and obligation of supporting the church is no new law of the Catholic faith. Let everyone, therefore, strive honestly to carry out the regulations of the church in this regard and it will be more pleasant and agreeable for all concerned."

## SERVICES IN CHRIST'S MISSION.

142 West Twenty first Street, New York.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, PASTOR.

THE meetings in Christ's Mission were largely attended last month. The chapel was crowded Sunday evening March 5, when the pastor spoke on the condemnation of the Paulists by the Pope in his famous letter on "Americanism." The intelligent Roman Catholics who were present perceived that they could not be Americans and genuine Romanists at the same time. The Paulists in fear and trembling had prostrated themselves before the papal anathema, saying they did not mean anything in particular by their advocacy of American freedom and liberty; and if the Pope thought they did they took it all back, and will not do so again. The only course for thinking, progressive, self-respecting Catholics who cannot sacrifice their manhood at the dictation of men in Rome who know nothing of liberty, who are incapable of understanding the freedom that citizens of this country enjoy, is to come out of the Roman Church and declare that their souls are free, subject only to the God who created them, even as they are free in their rights as citizens, subject only to the laws of their country. It may be said with confidence that those Catholics, who were so attentive during the service, will not again bow the knee to the Pope or his agents, the priests, but will rather seek to worship God in the company of the Christians who are not entangled in the yoke of papal bondage.

At this service the exposition of the Bible lesson was by the Rev. Adolphus Kistler, the converted Catholic minister who is taking a post graduate course of study this year in Princeton Seminary. Mr. Kistler is a most effective speaker, winning the hearts as well as the intel-

lects of his hearers to the truths of the Bible. He is a young man of fine presence, sound learning and deep spirituality, and the prayer of his heart is that his Roman Catholic brethren might come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. Pastor O'Connor said he would be a most effective evangelist to the Roman Catholics, and the Presbyterian Church would do a great work by setting him apart for such ministry. Men like Mr. Kistler and the priests who have been converted at Christ's Mission could do more good by devoting their lives to the evangelization of the Roman Catholics than by ministering in Protestant churches which could be filled by other pastors to the manner born. The great difficulty, of course, is that the churches will not sustain them in such work. The men of wealth in the churches and those who are ambitious imagine that they would fall under the ban of Rome if they supported a work like this, and that their interests would suffer in some way. They are mistaken, for Rome could not harm them, and the Lord God would be with them in the work of bringing light and truth into souls darkened by error and superstition. The work of Christ's Mission is an object lesson to faint-hearted Christians who imagine that the Pope and his agents can prevent the conversion of Catholics. The descendants of the Roman Catholic immigrants in the United States want something better than Romanism, and they will obtain it if the Gospel that has been the power of God to their Protestant fellow-citizens be preached to them. American Christians should prayerfully consider the work for the conversion of these people.

### A Sailor's Sermon.

Captain Charles A. Colcord, master of a large sailing vessel that plies between New York and South American ports, delivered addresses at the services in Christ's Mission in February and March which were greatly appreciated by the large congregations present. A report of these addresses was made by Mr. Fleck, who has become an expert stenographer since he came to Christ's Mission, of which the following is the substance :

My dear brethren in Christ :—As the Rev Dr. O'Connor has announced to you, I am the captain of a four masted schooner, and it affords me great pleasure during the short intervals I spend on land to witness for the Lord and Captain of the Gospel ship that rides on the waves of the sea of life. You who live on land and have your churches and homes do not, like the men who sail the deep blue sea and are ever looking to behold land and meet the dear ones at home, appreciate your privileges of attending church every Sunday.

During a storm at sea a man learns to place his only trust in the promises of God. This I experienced especially last week while overtaken by the terrible blizzard that swept over land and sea in this vicinity. It was reported that we had been frost bitten and driven to sea. Our only hope was in the anchor, and our faith was no stronger than the chain that connected our ship with the anchor and the solid bottom beneath. The wind and waves were so furious that we feared for the safety of the ship. It was then that we cast our anchor of hope secured safely to the strong chain of our faith on the promises of God. The snow that fell was blinding, and every drop of water on the deck froze, so that it became extremely difficult and dangerous to venture above and work on the ship beating off the ice. It was

then I thought of a " rider " that a certain gentleman had sold me for such an emergency. So we let down the pail and this " rider " did the work it was guaranteed to do by my friend.

Our ship remained unmoved against the furies of the deep, and we all felt relieved and thanked God for our rescue. If any of you wish to learn how to pray with something like fervor, I would invite you to take a winter's passage and be caught in like circumstances. Then you will learn what it means to pin your salvation on the bottom of the sea of God's promises through the chain of divine faith and the anchor of heavenly hope. Yet God wishes us to pray and trust in Him not only while the storm is raging and our lives seem in immediate danger, but always. You can perhaps recall the time when Charleston was visited by an earthquake, and how the people of that vicinity prayed and closed the saloons and prepared for the end. You also remember that after the town had ceased shaking many returned to their bad ways, ceased to pray and frequented the saloons and dives of the town. This was a servile fear and failed to convince the people of the truths of God's promises ; It is similar to the fear of hell that makes some people bestir themselves at times to do a little for heaven, but which they soon forget and go about their old ways. True and lasting devotion and service for God spring not from fear so much as from love, especially from the fact that Christ had loved us first and has bought us and made us free through the blood He shed on Calvary.

As individual Christians and as a Christian Nation we have great responsibilities and duties which it will not do to shirk and seek our own comfort. If we see our fellow-man in distress and ignorance and lying by the wayside, we are bound to succor him as did the good Samaritan who met the stranger that

had been abused by the robbers and left in helplessness. When I lay on my ship at Cuba and felt the shock that doomed our battleship the "Maine," a shock that soon spread over this mighty Nation as the thunder of God's voice calling upon us to avenge the crimes of Spain and rescue the poor deluded people of her colonies, I knew that there would be war. This was God's war and victory, the first fought and won with the modern sea monsters of steel and engines of wrath and Christian heroes of the Dewey type. God had given Spain this whole country some four hundred years ago, but because she abused her trust it has been taken from her—every inch of it—and given to those who would rule justly. We cannot now drop the work God has given us to do. It is heart-rending to see the poor Filipinos stand up before our cannon with their bows and arrows, believing that our bullets cannot harm them because they have about their necks some amulet that was blessed by the priest and warranted to shield them against all danger. How I pity the poor Roman Catholics in Cuba and Mexico when I see them on my visits to the various ports kneeling before some graven image called a statue of such and such a "saint," and expecting help and eternal life at their hands. In the cathedral of the City of Mexico I noticed at least twenty such statues, with many women and girls and boys prostrate before them and reciting prayers to them. If that is not worshipping these graven images, to kneel down before them and pray to them for help, then what does the word worship mean? And poor Cervera, how disappointed he must have felt after the sea fight off Santiago, that all the prayers and offerings he had made to the statue of the Virgin before leaving the Canary Islands in the hope that she would gain the victory for his ships, were in vain, and that the "Yankees" who pray to

God direct were heard and crowned with that unrivalled success before his petitions had reached the ear of God. Give these poor people the Bible and allow them to read it, and it will not be long before they will cease to depend for material and spiritual favors on statues and charms, but will pray to God, who alone can hear them, and who will hear them, at all times and in all places. We must use the opportunities for doing good to these people that God has given us, and trust to Him for the outcome.

I am here to testify that I have tried the religion of Jesus Christ and have found it to be good. It is my only consolation when on sea or land. Many do not come in touch with the religion of Christ because it is so simple. When God took Moses apart on Mount Sinai and commanded him to write down on the tablet, "I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have no other gods before me," the priest Aaron was busy manufacturing a god in the shape of a golden calf for the people of Israel to worship, vainly expecting blessings that none but the true and only God could bestow. Priests cannot worship for us. We must all be witnesses for Christ while we live, for soon we shall stand before Him, and others will take our places here below. If the chain of faith, the anchor of our hope and the bond of our love, are strong enough to hold us securely to the solid bottom of God's promises during the storms that rage around our frail bark on this sea of life, we need have no fear. God, for Christ's sake, will bring us home safely into the harbor of eternal rest, there to meet and greet the loved ones who have gone before.

Things that seem strange to us are often directed by God for the upbuilding of His Kingdom. This is specially remarkable in the events that have taken place during our war with Spain. With scarcely any sacrifice

of life to the men of our country, Spain's rule in the conquered island has come to an end.

While on the coast of Cuba before the outbreak of hostilities, I heard the Spaniards boasting how they would demoralize the Americans if they dared to set foot on their territory. They tantalized us in every conceivable manner. One night I attended a religious meeting conducted by an American. The Spaniards entered the hall and demanded that the minister demonstrate to them his right to preach by working some miracles. The preacher told the Spaniards that though he might not be able to work the miracles their priests claimed to perform, he would show them how the Americans cast out devils if they continued to disturb the meeting.

With God on our side in this matter of expansion we become an irresistible force. At sea the sailors often amuse themselves by baiting a long iron fork with a piece of fine meat to attract the albatross. This sea bird immediately pounces upon the supposed prey, but when finding itself caught fast, will attempt to hold back the ship by planting its large webbed feet in the water and spreading out its huge wings, measuring about sixteen feet from tip to tip. Like the puzzled albatross our anti expansionists who were so eager for the prey are now vainly endeavoring to hinder the ship of state from pursuing the course mapped out for it.

We have ample proof in the history of the past that crime cannot be extirpated by the agency of physical force, just as we are taught by the early persecutions of the Christians and by the Inquisition later on, that the more you persecute a man for his religious views, the more tenaciously he will cling to them. Christ has said that the wheat and the tares must grow together until they be separated by Him.

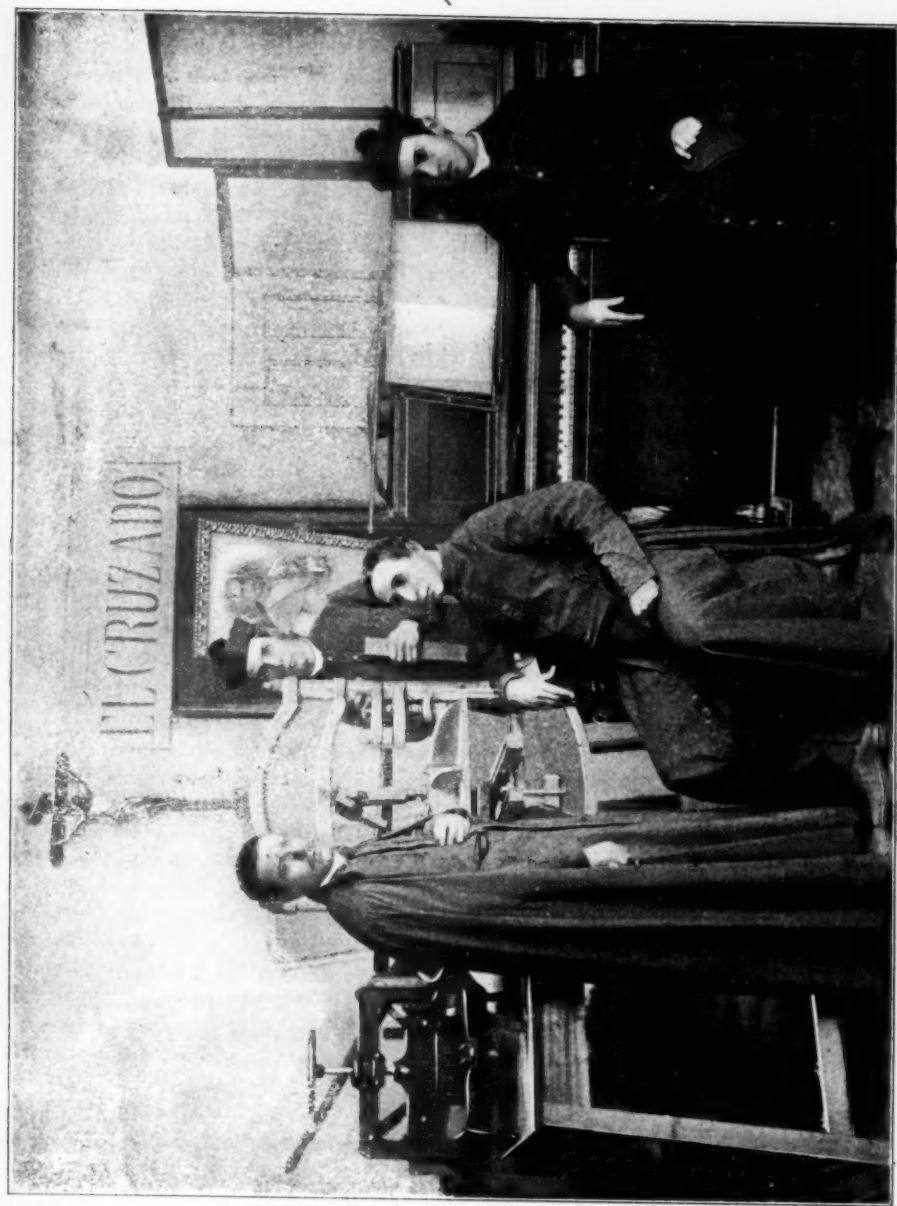
Yet God expects us to assist our neighbor who is in darkness and ignorance and distress. During the blizzard a friend of mine, a captain of a vessel, held his disheartened wife in his arms while signalling to another captain of a passing ship to come to rescue. But this heartless stranger passed him by, and the poor wife, seeing they were now left to the mercy of the winds and blighting cold, without a mast or sail left, gave up all hope and died.

So the angel that is watching over the Philippines and Cuba and Porto Rico is calling upon us to free these people from the bondage and superstition they are laboring under, but many of our countrymen are opposed to aiding them on the selfish ground that this charitable act will be too expensive. We must not forget the rock from which we were hewn. We have nothing to boast of. The fruits that we are enjoying are the result of the labors and privations of those who have gone before. It is not our right to exclude others from enjoying similar blessings.

### A Distinguished Spaniard.

At the first appearance of Dr. Joseph Fonseca in Christ's Mission in January, the simple evangelical service was a novelty to him, as he had but lately left the Roman Catholic Seminary of the Dominican Fathers at Sherman Park, near Tarrytown, N. Y. He is a Spaniard by birth, and though a young man he has occupied a distinguished position in the Roman Catholic Church. In the remarkable group in the picture on the next page he is seen sitting with uncovered head among other young ecclesiastics.

Dr. Fonseca will deliver an address at the services in Christ's Mission, Sunday evening, April 2, on the reasons that led him to withdraw from the Roman Catholic Church.



Dr. Joseph Fonseca and Other Young Roman Catholic Ecclesiastics.

## The Unchangeable Word.

While the Bible is its own best witness that it is the Word of God, the testimony of those who accept it fully and believe it in all its parts, strengthens the faith of Christians. Such testimony is needed when the daily press gives prominence to this or that minister who hums and haws about accepting the Bible in its entirety.

A Hindoo convert to Christianity, P. N. Chakroborty, in a letter to the *New York Sun*, March 23, has expressed himself clearly on this subject. His experience is similar to that of the converts from Romanism who have come into the clear light of the Gospel, and no one will read his testimony with more pleasure than those converts. His letter is as follows :

"I am converted from Hindooism ; the Brahmanic blood runs through my veins. Nothing could have brought me to the Lord Jesus Christ but two things —(1) the consciousness of my guilt; (2) that Christ had atoned for me. The light of revelation in my soul warned me of a hell ; since then the Scriptures have affirmed it, and with the acceptance of Jesus the burden has gone. I am a missoinary now, and have been in the work since 1883.

"After spending ten years between Great Britain, Europe, India and Ceylon, I solemnly say that I have not found any scheme, plan or amusement which can or will ever come up to the power of the Gospel of Christ. I have just come to visit this country for the first time, to study American methods of Christian work, and to find out how far the people who send us missionaries believe in Christ and the Bible for themselves. The opinions and remarks of the clergymen you comment upon [the higher critics] make me feel that I am not safe among such theologians. The Gospel has an eternal charm for me, a

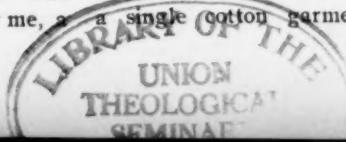
pagan convert. I find elevating pleasures and joys in it. It has transformed me. I believe in the inspiration of God's Word, permanent and unchangeable ; otherwise man has no permanent standard to appeal to. I feel I must give this testimony in these days of loose interpretations of the Scriptures. I am forgiven much, so I wish to say a word for Him who has made me what I am. P. N. CHAKROBORTY."

## The Filipinos.

The Manila correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* of March 23, 1899, gives the best diagnosis of the Filipino character that we have seen in any publication. We make the following extracts from his letter, which is dated Manila, Feb. 12 :

Physically the Filipino is small, though athletic. The men range in height between five feet and five feet six inches, with occasional exceptions both above and below those extremes, the women ranging about three inches lower. The man has a deep chest and good lung development. He is strong for his size and capable of considerable physical effort, yet much indisposed to make it, and not possessing a disposition for prolonged exertion, being utterly devoid of the faculty of steady, persistent pegging away at things, so characteristic of the Anglo Saxon.

Physically, also, there is a taint of disease in the Filipino blood that renders it undesirable for mixture with the American. Go where you will, in country or city, evidence of this may be seen on every side. Scars, blotches, white spots, scabs and running sores can be seen on young and old; not on all, but upon so many that it gives one the impression of being general. This is more noticeable in the children, whose bare limbs and bodies, covered by but a single cotton garment depending



from the shoulders, present a sickening sight. Fully half of them appear to be afflicted in this way.

Mentally the Filipinos are very deceptive. They give a first impression of intellectuality. They are very alert and quick of apprehension, even precocious in their childhood and youth. With rare exceptions, I have found the young Filipinos of both sexes very quick to understand, but it is evident that they are not capable of deep cogitation or continued logical thought. They have the initiative faculty, but not the inventive. Of an extremely mercurial temperament, quick of temper and rash of impulse, their mental processes are interfered with and warped by their varying sentiments.

Treachery is a universal trait; and cruelty is another characteristic of the Filipino.

Religion they have to a surfeit, but it is of the kind that substitutes ceremonies and charms and purchased absolutions for genuineness of religious feeling. Marriages by mutual agreement and for no specified term are common, and girls who thus live in unsanctified wedlock, whether the husband be white or black, seem not to lose cast among their own people, and return to them again freely when those relations are terminated. These marriages "sin padre" are so far frowned upon by the padres that the latter exact from the culprits a pecuniary penalty for thus dispensing with their service and the blessing of the church.

### Schools in Cuba.

The New York *Tribune*, March 14, 1899, gives an abstract of the report of a commission appointed by General Wood regarding education in Santiago Province, Cuba, from which we take the following extracts:

The commission found only "a mere

shadow of an educational establishment, totally inadequate in extent and highly inefficient in operation, so far, at least, as the primary and secondary schools were concerned. No such thing as a free public school, in the American meaning, exists or has existed in Cuba. So far as is known there is not a single building nor a foot of land in this province owned by the people for school purposes, and not a single dollar of endowment for any educational institution."

In formulating a school system for Cuba religious instruction of any nature is held by the Board to be admissible, and for this decision it gives as a reason that the "recent changes in political status of the island have effected a practical disestablishment of what had previously been a State Church." In all schools English must be taught, and attendants is compulsory, unless it can be proved that the child is receiving education of a higher order through a private source.

### A Sacrilegious Dog.

Under the above heading the Roman Catholic paper, *El Imparcial*, of Mexico City, published the following item in its issue of March 4, 1899. Rev. F. S. Borton, a Methodist minister of Puebla, Mexico, sent us the copy of the paper:

"In the fifth street of Zaragoza lives the Ordonez family, one of whose members, Magdaleno, is very ill and about to die, for which reason the Viaticum was brought to her.

"At the moment in which the priest was about to deposit the host in the mouth of the sick person, a little dog which had always shown the greatest love for Magdaleno, upset the priest, and caught the host in its mouth, and instantly devoured it. The dog was pursued by all present and beaten to death with sticks. By order of the holy church the corpse will be burned."

## The Converted Syrian Priest.

The Syrian priest Sharkie, who has been at Christ's Mission for the last four months, has accepted the evangelical faith. He is a spiritual man, and when he has received some training in missionary work he will be able to preach the Gospel to the 3,000 Syrians in this city for whom there is no Protestant pastor.

In a letter to the Rev. Dr. James S. Dennis of this city, who had been for many years a Presbyterian missionary in Syria, Dr. Jessup says: "The Roman Catholic priest, Antonius Sharkie, of Aleppo, certified to by Rev. Mr. Christie, of the English Presbyterian mission there, as the ablest and most upright priest in Aleppo, has become a Protestant, and goes to New York to seek liberty of conscience and a chance to earn his bread. He also has a book which Mr. Christie and the native preacher, Habib, speak of as worth printing. He hopes the Koukel American press will print it for him. I have written to Rev. James A. O'Connor, 142 West Twenty first street, about him, as he keeps a fold for ex-priests in that city. We are all greatly pleased with Mr. Sharkie." To this Dr. Dennis adds: "I hereby certify that this letter is from the Rev. Henry H. Jessup, D. D., of the American Presbyterian Mission, Beirut, Syria."

## Rome and the Bible.

In the course of a debate in the legislature at Albany, N. Y., March 7, a Protestant senator quoted two verses of Scripture in favor of capital punishment (Numbers xxxv, 30-31), whereupon Senator Maher, a Roman Catholic, jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "I don't know anything about Scripture, but if that's Scripture I'm opposed to it." (We quote from the New York

*Sun*, March 8.) There spoke the true Romanist.

Another Roman Catholic legislator at Albany wants the Bible to be taken out of the public schools of the State. This is in retaliation for the decision of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Skinner, that the nuns cannot wear their religious garb while teaching in schools supported by the State. The Pope is said to have recently issued a decree permitting all Roman Catholics to read the Bible, but as a matter of fact they do not read it. Even men with sufficient intelligence to act as legislators are opposed to the holy Book. The truth is, when Roman Catholics begin to read the Bible and understand it, they will cease to be Romanists.

## None But Jesus.

Shall I trust my soul's salvation  
To a fellow creature's care?  
Can a priest, a saint, or angel  
Save me in my dark despair?  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
Hears a contrite sinner's prayer.

Do I need a Mediator  
Other than the Son of God?  
Can the Virgin Mary help me?  
Jesus shed for me His blood.  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
Intercedes for me with God.

Can the sacramental symbols,  
Emblems of a Saviour's love—  
Can these satisfy the longings  
Of a soul born from above?  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus  
Food for fainting souls can prove.

Is there aught of praise or merit  
Due to work my hands have done?  
Can a life of tears and penance  
For a single sin atone?  
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,  
He must save, and He alone.

H. K.

## STRONG AS DEATH.---A STORY OF THE HUGUENOTS.

BY ELIZABETH ARROTT WELLS. AUTHOR OF "ST. ULRICH,"

"LOYAL TO THE KING," ETC.

## SYNOPSIS.

The story begins after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The principal characters are Lady Isabel de Beaumont, still in the prime of life, and her adopted children, Adrien and Marie, whose history is shrouded in mystery. Adrien, having entered the army, is sent on a mission to Nismes. He encounters a dying Huguenot pastor, and obtains his Testament as a souvenir. "Jean the Watchman" is a Huguenot in disguise among the royal troopers. Father Jerome, the village household confessor, is succeeded by the noble-minded Father Augustine, the confessor during Lady Isabel's childhood. During a hunting expedition Adrien disappears; he reappears mysteriously through means known only to Father Augustine and Antoine, the aged steward. The pastor's Testament brings salvation to Father Augustine, Lady Isabel and Adrien. Their history is discovered through Marie's aid, and it is decided that Lady Isabel and Adrien must retire to a secret chamber. The enemy arrives, and a band of soldiers surround the castle. Antoine warns Adrien and Lady Isabel. The signal is given, Lady Isabel secures her jewels and then goes to the secret chamber. Adrien is seized, but Father Augustine is found dead on his bed. Jean the Watchman is one of the soldiers on guard and secretly arranges with Antoine for his lady's welfare. Their watchword is to be "Strong as Death." In her retreat Lady Isabel discovers an important letter from one "William Arroch." A deadly epidemic appears in the valley. Father Vincent succumbs to it, leaving Ignatius supreme in the castle. Soon the latter takes the fever. A plan is formed by which Lady Isabel escapes in disguise from the castle, reaching a spot where she is left to await a new escort.

## CHAPTER XV.

"Certainly I will be with thee!" Sorry promise in the night!

All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before its light.

"Certainly I will be with thee!" He hath spoken I have heard;

True of old, and true this moment, I will trust Jehovah's Word.

—F. R. H.

All night Lady Isabel slept on; but finally she was awakened by approaching footsteps.

A strange face looked in upon her; but the greeting, "Love is strong as death," at once assured her that it was a friendly one.

Nearly twenty years before Jacques Moran (for such it was), had looked

upon Lady Isabel for one short moment, but the picture of that young face marked with terror and despair had never left his memory. What a contrast to her who now arose and with quiet dignity extended her hand, the lovely eyes only filled with the peace which passeth understanding.

"My friend," she said, "what news have you?"

"My lady, Jean has done me the honor of transferring your guardianship to myself. His furlough is almost over, and he has just learned that he must return home instantly or incur dangerous suspicion. See, here is a disguise, the dress of a peasant. While you assume it I will see to my horse. We will then proceed to my house where you will be concealed for the present;" and Jacques hastened away.

Lady Isabel followed his instructions and was ready when he returned to guide her to the road.

Taking her place among the vegetables with which the cart was loaded, the word was given and the horse started briskly homeward.

Soon an old gray inn came in sight.

"My lady," Jacques said kindly, for he noticed her look of pain, "we could find no other refuge. Pardon the seeming thoughtlessness in bringing you here."

"My friend," she replied, "I believed that I had left it all with the Lord, but now I feel again all the agony of that day. Oh, what those gray walls recall!"

She covered her face as she spoke, and Jacques saw that she was seeking help from the One best able to comfort her.

As they reached the gateway, she

looked up with a quiet smile which told of victory.

"Allow me to assist you, my lady," he said. "But now you must be regarded as my niece, and be so addressed."

She assented gravely, and glancing neither to the right nor left, hurried after him.

"This is your aunt Clothilde," he explained, as a sweet faced old woman came forward with a respectful, yet affectionate greeting; for were they not one in the faith?

"I am sorry, my dear, that you cannot enjoy our best guest chamber," she said. "The concealed apartment in the old granary must be your retreat. Will you go there now? We are liable to have guests at any moment."

Gently placing her hand on the speaker's, Lady Isabel signified her consent and they proceeded to the stairway leading to the chamber where the produce for the winter consumption was stored.

A panel in the wall being pushed aside they entered a small room directly under the roof in which a few small windows had been inserted. A couch, table and chair were the only furniture.

Clothilde was many years the lady's senior, and as she now gazed into the sweet face bathed in tears she could not refrain from clasping her motherly arms about her and whispering words of tender Christian sympathy.

But soon her own name was called.

"My lady, I never delay a moment," she said, "for I never know what that call may mean. Farewell, I will soon come to you again."

Even as she ceased speaking the panel closed and Lady Isabel was alone.

It was well indeed that Clothilde was so prompt, for when she reappeared in the room below, her arms filled with articles of food hastily gathered on the way, she was confronted by no other than Father Jerome, en route for Beaumont.

"Come, Clothilde," cried Jacques, "you must hasten, for the good father is anxious to continue his journey to Beaumont."

As she bustled around Father Jerome impatiently paced the floor.

"Have you heard aught of the fever at Beaumont?" he inquired finally.

"Yes, your reverence," said Jacques gravely, "a traveler told me but yesterday that the fever still rages. Not a house in the valley has escaped. Why, the very air must be poison!" and he waited anxiously to see the effect of his words.

"No abatement whatever?" the priest asked with a frown.

"Rather an increase, your reverence. It has reached even the castle itself."

With a still darker frown the father continued his walk.

It must be confessed that Clothilde was not so speedy in her preparations as she might have been had her guest been other than Father Jerome on his way to Beaumont. Still the priest almost forgave her, as he partook of her bountiful repast; and finally to Jacques' delight orders were given to drive off, not towards Beaumont, but to Nismes. Under the trying circumstances in the valley Father Jerome had decided that discretion was the better part of valor.

As the days passed Lady Isabel grew to love the gentle Clothilde, who used every means in her power to render her confinement less irksome.

Very early one morning Clothilde came to her guest with a joyful countenance.

"My dear," she cried, in the sweet eager tone that Lady Isabel so loved to hear, "I have just received such beautiful news. We are to have one of our secret assemblies. Who do you think will be there?" She paused, then adding laughingly: "But of course you could not guess! It is Paul Rabaut, the most beloved of all the pastors of the desert."

"How glad I am, my dear Clothilde, that you are to have such happiness. Now let me hear all about it."

"And Jacques says, my dear" (she had adopted this address as a compromise between "my lady" and plain "Suzanne"), "that if you are willing you can accompany us. The risk is great, but—" she looked wistfully at the lady.

"Oh, Clothilde, the risk would be nothing compared with the privilege of meeting with the dear people of the desert," and her eyes filled with delight.

"But, my dear, Jacques insists upon you knowing all. You see these assemblies are under royal bans. Only too often they have been surprised by the King's troops, the pastors hurried to the scaffold, the men and women to the galley or prison. Sometimes a hundred have fallen on the spot. Yes, it is true that at any moment a ball may pierce one's heart, yet, oh, what joy, what happiness to attend one of our beloved assemblies!" Her glowing face testified that in her estimation the reward far outweighed the fear of danger.

"I shall be delighted to go, dear Clothilde. When shall we start?"

"It is quite a little journey. We must leave at night-fall, for the service begins at day-break."

"Have you attended many of these assemblies, Clothilde? Tell me all about them."

"Many, my dear, for my parents were Huguenots; but the one fraught with the greatest danger was our wedding day. Ah, my dear, it is a solemn thing to be married in the desert. It is a crime in the eyes of the law, punishable with the greatest severity. There can be no feasting nor loud rejoicings at our weddings; every guest attends at the peril of his life. Many a bride has been torn from her husband's embrace on the very day that united them. And then, my dear, you know that even

our children are not regarded as legally our own;" and her voice faltered. Long years before her only daughter had been taken from her arms and carried to a convent home; and this was still another bond between these friends who often united the little daughter's name with Marie's as they knelt before the throne of grace.

"Yes, dear Clothilde, that is a sorrow indeed. But there is One who loves them better than we do, and let us trust Him to guide them into the light. How, we cannot imagine, but He is faithful, and all power is His in heaven and on earth."

After engaging in prayer for their dear ones, Clothilde went to prepare for their journey.

Her eldest son was to remain at the inn, and every precaution was taken to conceal their departure.

As the little party stole along in the darkness they knew that they had taken their lives in their hands; but they were well content to leave all with their God. Whether they lived or died, were they not His?

It was nearly dawn when Jacques's party reached its destination, and they were warmly welcomed by the few who preceded them.

"A new follower of our Lord," was all the introduction needed, as Lady Isabel shared the kindly greeting.

Soon Clothilde selected a resting-place and, drawing the lady close beside her, bade her repose till the service began.

Looking about her, Lady Isabel was instantly struck with the peculiar adaptation of the place for a secret gathering.

The small grassy plain was entirely surrounded by lofty rocks, upon whose summits Clothilde pointed out the forms of sentries watching the outlying country. At the first appearance of the enemy a signal could quickly disperse the congregation.

The chief danger, however, was connected with the journey to and from the assembly, though there was a possibility that, notice having been obtained, troops were already hidden in the numerous mountain caves waiting to appear at the proper moment.

It was deeply interesting to watch the little bands constantly arriving; many containing old and feeble folk whose strength seemed all but spent when they reached their final resting places.

As Lady Isabel looked into the grave yet joyful countenances she realized as never before the resolute faith and indomitable courage of these devoted people.

In all matters concerning their faith they were stern and immovable as the rocks about them, yet tender and merciful to both friend and foe, while in their loyalty to king and country they stood without a rival.

Once indeed, and only once, goaded to resistance by desperate cruelty, they had defied their pastor's admonitions and flown to arms, proving they were still human. The results, however, only showed more plainly than ever the wisdom of these admonitions.

The Camisard war ended in 1704 and heresy was declared extinct in France. So said the royal proclamation.

Truth, however, can never be extinguished, and the Huguenot church grew steadily; never again yielding to the natural impulse for self-preservation, but rather following the example of their Lord in gentleness, long-suffering and love.

But now Lady Isabel felt Clothilde start, and looking up she noticed a general commotion. Many had arisen and were gazing eagerly in one direction, but it was plainly happiness and not fear that rested on every face.

"Our pastor!" whispered Clothilde rapturously.

Yes, there at last, was the beloved Paul Rabaut, accompanied by his body-guard of four young men, a precaution adopted for his people's sake, who insisted that his most precious life must be carefully preserved, ignorant that a higher power had decreed for him a long, useful life, full of danger and hardship, yet marked with constant deliverance to the very end.

Months passed over Paul Rabaut in which he never dined without sentinels to watch the enemy's approach. In fact for twenty years he never sat down without planning a way of escape.

Sometimes he dined with the very officers who were seeking him, and with priests, the leaders of his persecutors, he would converse freely as they related instances of his boldness and good fortune in escaping them; and even visiting the very prisons where his people were panting for spiritual help, imparting comfort and strength ere he left them in their captivity. No risk was too great for him to take for their sakes. No wonder that the church of the desert almost idolized their pastor.

A hush had now fallen over the assembly, for Paul Rabaut had taken his place in the centre of the grassy platform and was about to open the service.

"Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth." With peculiar sweetness his voice rang out over the assembly, falling with tender benediction upon every heart.

As the simple ritual proceeded Lady Isabel was deeply impressed with its beauty. But the Psalms! Never before had such music reached her ears.

To the Huguenot each line was fraught with tender memories, and as they sang the inspired words their very souls were poured forth unto Him who had so often proved their Refuge and Deliverer.

This was a sacramental service, and Lady Isabel for the first time partook of

the feast in all the simplicity of apostolic times, "shewing forth the Lord's death till He come."

The sacred feast was over, but the people still lingered, hoping for some special notice from their pastor, and none waited in vain.

Lady Isabel noticed his approach to her own group with glad expectation. During the service her rapt attention had often attracted him and subsequently a few words from Jacques had explained all.

The look of happiness had never left her face, shining even through her tears, as his words touched some hidden spring of emotion. He understood it now, and his voice was full of tender sympathy as he bade her welcome among his people.

"Through much tribulation we enter into the kingdom, my friend," he said. "But is it not so, the suffering is not worthy to be compared with the joy it brings even here; how much less with the glory yet to be revealed?"

"It is sweet indeed, not only to believe, but also to suffer for His sake," Lady Isabel answered with emotion.

"And tell me, Jacques," the pastor continued, "have you any plans for this lady's future? I, too, have shared that little upper chamber at the inn, and enjoyed your kindly care; yet it seems wiser for her to leave the country as soon as possible. If it be the Lord's will," he added to Lady Isabel, "I hope a way may be found for you to cross the sea. Allow me to give you a parting word: 'Be strong and of good courage; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. He will not fail thee or forsake thee.' And now farewell!" Then with a warm grasp of their hands the pastor left this little group for others eagerly awaiting him.

"My dear," exclaimed Clothilde, shortly after, "here is an old friend, M. Graverol, from Marseilles. He seems

to be telling Jacques some important news." The latter soon joined them.

"My lady," cried Jacques, quite forgetting himself, "I have a wonderful plan to disclose. My friend tells me of a lady about to embark for Scotland who needs a waiting maid. It was suggested that my niece Suzanne should be engaged. M. Graverol expected to find her here. The ship sails shortly, and to prevent delay the passports are now ready. My niece has been detained from the assembly, but your height and coloring are similar to hers, and it is now proposed that you take her place. Surely it must be of the Lord!"

"Oh, Jacques, must she go at once?" It was plainly a grievous thought to Clothilde. "And never to meet again!"

"Have you forgotten the pastor's words, dear friend?" the lady whispered, "that they who are in Christ never see each other for the last time? Let us both take all the comfort there is in this sweet thought."

"Yes, dear wife, wait until the morning, when all parting shall forever cease," added Jacques tenderly.

"Yes, yes, dear heart, 'the morning without clouds,'" and her smile told that faith had triumphed. "But tell us now your plans," she added, drawing Lady Isabel close to her side.

In a few words the information was given. Lady Isabel would accompany M. Graverol in the wagon which had brought him from Marseilles.

In exchange for certain articles of merchandise he had received a number of fowl, which should be Lady Isabel's care during the journey, while M. Graverol transacted business along the road.

Within a covered vehicle, amid the cages, etc., it was thought she could safely reach her journey's end.

Already most of the assembly had dispersed by numerous mountain paths, and Jacques' party also moved onward as they discussed the proposed plan.

Only too soon the final moment arrived, and after many words of gratitude and affection, Lady Isabel parted from Clothilde and her husband.

With her new friend she proceeded to the farm house, where the wagon awaited them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Our Serial in Spanish.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that our serial "Story of the Huguenots" by Miss Wells is to be published in Spanish. It will first appear in the weekly illustrated paper *El Heraldo Evangelico* of Valparaiso, Chile. Even before one half of it had been published in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC the Rev. James F. Garvin, the editor of the *Evangelical Herald*, had discerned its beauty and strength as a history and representation of sublime faith, and his request to translate it into Spanish for his paper was readily granted.

As each chapter appears the interest increases, and some of our readers wish they could read the whole story at one sitting. They will be comforted, perhaps, by the knowledge that the Editor is as impatient as any one to learn what the end of the beautiful story will be. It is our ardent hope that it will be published in one volume like the other excellent books Miss Wells has written.

The following letter has been received from Dr. Garvin:

Valparaiso, Chile, Feb. 8, 1899.

Rev. James A. O'Connor:

My Dear Brother:—Please accept my hearty thanks for the cordial manner in which you have acceded to my request for the privilege of translating into Spanish for publication in *El Heraldo Evangelico*, of this city, the serial "Story of the Huguenots," that is now appearing every month in THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. Owing to pressure of other work, the translator will not be

able to begin the work for a few weeks yet. I should be very glad if some arrangement could be made for the publication of the same in book form later on.

The translation of the work will be done in the best manner. The story merits being put into the best Spanish dress possible.

May the good work you are doing increase from day to day, and you be given strength and wisdom from above for it all. Sincerely yours,

JAMES F. GARVIN.

### Converts From Rome.

Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 24, 1899.

Dear Brother:—Will you please send THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC to the following addresses for this year. The last name mentioned is a brother who was brought out of Rome about six years ago. His father was a Roman Catholic priest, but left the priesthood and went to the far West many years ago. The Lord met this brother and most marvelously saved him. He is employed by us and goes about speaking to many Roman Catholics. J. C. M.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 27.

Enclosed find money order for one dollar for a new subscriber to THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. She is also a convert from Rome; and is a good Christian woman. I had many pleasant talks with her before and since she became converted. I told her how much your good magazine has helped me, also a convert. MRS. J. W.

Lynn, Ind., Feb. 15, 1899.

I am a converted Catholic. I was born in New York City. My mother and father died when I was quite young. I was then brought to Indiana. In 1884 I was licensed to preach by the Methodists. I would like to go to our new possessions to do missionary work. I will be grateful for any advice or help you can give me. J. A. L.

## FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.

## FIFTH SERIES.

## IX.

## No Liberal "American" Catholic Church, Only the Genuine Roman Brand.

NEW YORK, April, 1899.

SIR:—The contest that has been going on for years between the Ultramontane or Jesuitical party and the Liberal element in the Roman Catholic Church has been finally decided by the letter of Pope Leo XIII. in favor of the former. The Jesuits have triumphed, and you as the head of the liberal party in this country have been defeated; and with you Archbishops Ireland and Keane and the Paulists Fathers descend into the valley of humiliation. There are no other "liberals" in this country. Father Edward McGlynn tried to be one, but after enduring excommunication for six years he succumbed and is now as silent as the grave. So with a few other priests who boasted of their American birth and liberal training. They are all dumb before the crushing blow dealt to "Americanism" by the Pope. Not one of them will raise his voice in protest against the papal decree that buries their cherished hopes of a Catholic Church that would be progressive, liberal, non-mediaeval. They wanted a Church that would be American and yet Catholic. But this is impossible, says the Pope. Americanism and Romanism cannot be united. God has not joined them together, and so they must remain asunder. You and your "liberal" followers, the Paulists, etc., thought differently, or at least you tried to make the American people believe that the Roman Catholic Church in the United States could be different from what it is in Europe, South America, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippine Islands and other countries where ignorance, superstition and pagan practices are its chief characteristics. "Porto Rico," said the Jesuit priest Sherman, the son of General William T. Sherman who became distinguished in the Civil War and who was a sturdy American Protestant, though his wife was a Roman Catholic—"Porto Rico is a Catholic country without religion." He had visited the island as chaplain of a Missouri regiment in October, 1898, and he made this statement in an article which he wrote for the organ of the Jesuits, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* of New York, and which appeared in that journal for December 1898. "A Catholic country without religion" could be applied to Cuba, to the Philippines and other countries where the Roman Church has had unlimited rule and where Bible religion has not been a factor in moulding the lives of the people.

Oh, but it is different in the United States, you have been saying; and Americans who do not know the spirit and history of the Roman Church have echoed your words. But the Pope says it is the same religion all the world over, and what he says is infallibly true according to the teaching of your Church. Indeed, no one knows better than you, Cardinal, that Romanism is always and everywhere the same, *semper eadem*—the same in doctrine and the same in practice wherever it could execute its decrees. Many persons believed in the misrepresentations of Romanism by you and

your clique, and a few to their sorrow were caught in the net spread for them by the Paulists in their "missions to Protestants." Now the atmosphere is clear, thanks to the Pope, and all can see what a snare had been laid for the feet of the unwary.

The intrigues that led to the Pope's condemnation of your "Americanism" are revealed in the book already referred to—"Father Hecker, Is he a Saint?" by the French priest, Father Maignen. When this work was translated into English, Cardinal Satolli, to the surprise of the uninitiated, sent the following letter to the author :

Rome, Aug. 4, 1895.

Very Rev. Father Charles Maignen:

I have received a copy of the English version of your valuable and most useful book on the "Life of Father Hecker." I have been greatly pleased with this translation, specially because by this means the book attains better its object and scope, affording thus another proof of the need that it be known as it deserves.

I believe the English version has done well in softening that vivacity not easily separable from the French language. I notice moreover that certain passages have been modified for the better; the discussion will therefore proceed in this manner more calmly and effectively. Let us hope that our Lord will lend His aid to dispel the noxious and contagious atmosphere in both worlds.

Your Reverence may rest assured of having done a work exceedingly useful and commendable. Whoever may be touched by its pages, instead of being offended, should rather acknowledge that unconsciously he has erred, and duly regretting it, profit by the information received.

Please accept my sentiments of respect and my good wishes of every grace from heaven for yourself and prosperity for your congregation.

Your Reverence's Most humble and devoted servant in Christ,

† F. CARD. SATOLLI.

Intrigue, duplicity and fraud have ever been the characteristics of Roman prelates. When Leo XIII sent Satolli to this country in 1892 as his representative or delegate to regulate the affairs of the Church, which were in a chaotic state, many American Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics, believed that the professions of esteem for our Republic and its institutions so loudly proclaimed by this papal agent were genuine. But Satolli was merely throwing dust in the eyes of the American people. While he posed as a liberal prelate in curbing the powers of the bishops and restoring refractory priests like Father Edward McGlynn he won the applause of many. Journalists eulogized him and public men sought his favor. He seemed to avoid the Jesuits, for he knew that if he consorted with them all his liberal professions would be taken at a discount. In reality he was a thorough Jesuit, for he deceived everyone who placed confidence in his words. Archbishop Ireland trusted him, so did you, Cardinal, and all the "liberal Catholics." But scarcely had he returned to Rome, when Martinelli took his place here as papal delegate, than his true character was apparent. He caused Bishop Keane's removal from the Washington Catholic University, and set in motion the agencies which have been the means of humiliating all of you "liberals."

Most effectually did this wily Italian co operate in the work of the Jesuitical party in bringing about the condemnation of the Paulists and their bogus "Americanism." Indeed he was the head of that party in Rome, and when Archbishop Ireland hurried to that city last January he found Satolli supreme in the councils of the Vatican. Ireland is very brave here at home, strutting around as the liberal archbishop, the companion and friend of real estate men and Republican politicians. But what a cringing slave he is in the presence of the strong men of the Church at Rome! They had all suffered by the war with Spain. It was the greatest blow the Roman Church had received since the Reformation of the sixteenth century, and everything American must be condemned. Hence the declaration made in the Pope's letter to you. Instead of being able to stem the tide of anti-Americanism that Ireland found at Rome he quickly perceived that there was danger to himself. He knows what the discipline of the Church is. Without trial or investigation he could be removed from the diocese of St. Paul and transferred to the Philippine Islands or to Central Africa, as Bishop Keane was deprived of his rectorship in the Catholic University and exiled to Rome, and as many other bishops were arbitrarily removed and degraded.

In the face of this danger Archbishop Ireland gave an exhibition of pusillanimity and cowardice when the papal condemnation of his cherished "Americanism" was issued. He had tried every means, even the use of money, to induce the Pope to modify this condemnation, but he failed; and when the decree was published he prostrated himself at the feet of the "most holy father" and presented a cringing apology that forever deprives him of the right to speak as a free American citizen. Archbishop Ireland's abject surrender to the papal decree was published in the *Osservatore Romano*, the organ of the Vatican, and when that paper was received here, the *New York Sun* of March 13, 1899, printed a translation of it as follows:

"MOST HOLY FATHER:—Immediately on reading the letter which your Holiness has just addressed to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and to the other members of the American episcopate, I hasten to thank your Holiness for this act of esteem and love toward the Catholics of the United States as well as our entire American nation.

"New light has come; misunderstandings are no more. Now we can even define the errors which 'certain ones' have wished to cloak with the name of 'Americanism' and define the truth which alone Americans call 'Americanism.'

"Moreover, so clear and precise are the distinctions and explanations given in the Apostolic letter that the danger which was not understood by all the people of the United States—a danger which I myself, I confess, did believe might arise—is no longer possible.

"Seeing the astonishing confusion of ideas and the subsequent controversies started, especially in France, about the book, 'Life of Father Hecker,' the extent of which can be measured by the Apostolic letter, I can no longer be blind to the fact that it was a necessity for the chief pastor to raise his voice to enlighten and pacify men's minds.

"Assuredly, with all the strength of my soul, I repudiate and I con-

demn every opinion which the Apostolic letter repudiates and condemns, those false and dangerous opinions to which, as the letter says, 'certain persons give the name of Americanism.' I repudiate and condemn those opinions without any exception, literally, as your Holiness repudiates and condemns them, and I repudiate and condemn them with all the greater readiness and heartfelt joy because my Catholic faith and my understanding of the teachings and practices of the Holy Church never for a single instant permitted me to open my soul to such extravagances. The whole episcopate of the United States in their own names and in the names of their people are ready to repudiate and condemn those errors. We cannot but be indignant that such an injury has been done us—to our bishops, to our faithful people, to our Nation—in designating by the word 'Americanism,' as certain ones have done, such errors and extravagances as these.

"Most Holy Father, it is the enemies of the Church in America and the faithless interpreters of the faith who 'imagine' that there exists or who desire to establish in the United States a Church differing in one iota from the Holy and Universal Church which other nations recognize, and which Rome itself, infallible guardian of the revelation of Jesus Christ, recognizes or can recognize.

"Begging your Holiness graciously to accept this expression of the sentiment of my love and devotion and to bestow upon me the favor of the Apostolic blessing, I have the honor to be your Holiness's devoted son,

"JOHN IRELAND, Archbishop of St. Paul."

He was compelled to write that letter. Even the *Sun*, always a friend of Rome, and since it became a Republican paper, a great friend of Archbishop Ireland's, said:

"It is understood that Archbishop Ireland's letter was published at the immediate instance of the Holy See."

The Roman Catholic papers are dumb in the presence of this hypocritical letter, and even the New York *Independent*, the Protestant paper that has always favored the Roman Catholic Church in this country, and especially the policy of Archbishop Ireland and yourself in seeking to "Americanize" it, is sorrowfully compelled to say editorially in its issue of March 23:

"In Archbishop Ireland's letter to the Pope, what strikes and offends a Protestant most is the humble, not to say slavish, tone adopted, which we sometimes think is even more adulatory and submissive than that employed in addresses to the Divine Being. Yet we ought not to expect anything else from those who believe that as a teacher of doctrine the Pope cannot possibly err, and that *vex Papæ vox Dei*. Only it must occur to us that one thus addressed constantly in the language of superlative adulation needs unusual gifts of divine grace in order to maintain a proper self-judgment and that humility of spirit which becomes even a Supreme Pontiff. At any rate the tone of Archbishop Ireland's letter would be far too fulsome if addressed to any other human being."

The "slavish tone" and "superlative adulation, too fulsome for anybody but the Pope," are characteristic.

Yours truly, JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

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## LIFE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC MONASTERIES.

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BY AUGUSTINE BAUMANN, FORMERLY "FATHER AUGUSTINE," OF THE  
PASSIONIST MONASTERY, HOBOKEN, N. J.

### CHAPTER IX.

As a potent means of attaining Christian perfection we were especially instructed that silence was pre-eminent. We were told that the tongue was one of the greatest sources of evil in the world, and therefore we were enjoined to practice silence both for our own benefit and for the benefit of the world in general. To mention silence and hear one speak of the solitude of cloistered halls sounds very poetic, but a little practical taste of the rule for keeping silence will take all the poetry out of one's nature. In reality it makes monastic life dreary and unbearable. There is a sadness in the cloister where the rule of silence is strictly observed which is distressing to the nerves, and affects the mind with melancholy. The monk, where silence is enforced, lives and moves in a sort of human solitude, surrounded by men and fellow-beings, who are not what fellow-beings should be, who fear to communicate their thoughts to each other by ordinary speech, and who, instead of men, are as dumb companions, listless neighbors and silent mummies. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "Weep for the voiceless, who have known the cross without the crown of glory." The unhappy novices, the young victims of monastic discipline, are the ones for whom we might well weep, for they are not only voiceless, but they know the cross without the crown of glory.

I had no idea what was meant by the obligation of keeping silence until I had entered the monastery in Pittsburg. I then found use for my faculty of speech only three times a day—at noon, towards evening and a short time before retiring for the night. But even then the privilege to speak was so limited that recreation was out of the question. In the first place, I was not permitted to speak to anyone I pleased; my conversation was limited to one person only, and the rest were to be to me as if they did not exist. On my introduction into the novitiate I was taught this rule. I was conducted to the monastery by a certain Father George, who knew me well for years, as he had been my pastor. After he had introduced me to the master of novices as his protege, he turned to me and, bidding me good-bye, told me that if for the future I saw him I was not to speak to him or to any of the priests. I thought it very strange that I should not be permitted to speak to members of the same order and to priests who had been my confessors and parish priests. I was not even allowed to give any sign of recognition when he came to the monastery, so strictly was the rule of silence enforced in the Passionist novitiate.

I passed the whole year of my noviceship practically without one moment of sensible or congenial intercourse with my fellows; and I was only a boy. Conversation was permitted after the mid-day meal from half past twelve till a quarter after one o'clock. Again we were given about twenty minutes at five o'clock in the afternoon, and after the evening meal we

were allowed to talk for half an hour. This was the only hours during which we were nominally allowed to break silence. During the rest of the time the cloister was as silent as the tomb. Curiously enough silence was broken, according to the rule not only by speaking, but by making any sort of involuntary or voluntary noise. I have seen novices frequently punished for breaking silence by dropping a book or a sandal, by opening a window or even by coughing. For any one of these offences the unfortunate novice would be ordered to get on his knees and repeat some wearisome prayer or kiss the floor. Of course the rule is observed thus rigidly only in the novitiate, yet there is enough of it outside of houses of the novitiate to make life a burden. During the eight years that I was a student I had to practice enough silence to make me dumb for the rest of my life.

There were occasions when we had to make the religious exercise called a retreat, and then no speaking whatever was allowed. Everything was as silent as the grave. We had to converse with the superiors by means of signs instead of spoken language. Happily those days were few, and as I am no great talker myself, the rule was not so severe on me as it was on others. Still the constant restriction on the use of the tongue has a saddening and pernicious effect. Day after day we would rise, go to the choir, work and study together and enjoy what was called recreation without speaking a word. It is a wonder that we were able to endure the strain for such a length of time. I had at my side day after day young men with whom I could not speak. They sat at the same table, passed me in the corridors, where I was merely allowed to salute them by raising my little skull-cap; they prayed with me and slept near me, and yet my intercourse with them was for a whole year limited almost entirely to signs. Thus the days wore on. The custom of keeping silence actually becomes so rooted that when one wants to speak he no longer knows his own voice. A fool at times may speak more intelligently than a novice at the end of his novitiate. The severest penalty which can be inflicted on prisoners is to prevent them from speaking to others. It is no less severe in the cloister, where you are taught to do it for the love of God and to save your soul. But it is a means to dwarf and degrade the soul; it is one of the worst inventions of religious fanaticism and ignorance; and it must be remembered that this awful silence is imposed on young men who are at the age when the mind needs development, when the youth asks questions about everything and is open to impressions of all kinds that will serve him for life. Just then the monks take him and bury his mind and his intellect in the grave of ignorance and silence.

But bad as the silence was to us, the recreation, if possible, was worse. Like silence it was used as an instrument of torture instead of relaxation. When we received permission to speak during recreation, or what was called a recreation, we were divided off into pairs or companions. Each novice was permitted to speak only to his companion, and the privilege of speaking was further limited to pious subjects. We were not allowed to speak of anything we pleased, of our hopes and feelings, our joys or pleasures; it was all about piety and prayer. Were you able to pray well this morning? Did you read anything very holy in your spiritual book

this morning? What a beautiful office we chanted last night. Such was the general topics discussed; and they usually suggested their own answers. For a few minutes the two novices would ask and answer questions of that description, and then, as was only too natural, the conversation was exhausted. If in the absence of the master they momentarily indulged in a little talk about the weather or about something they had seen or heard they would soon be reported and punished for engaging in worldly conversation. Think of passing day after day without speaking to a sensible human being, or when speaking, permitted only to engage in idiotic conversation such as I have indicated, and it must be evident that the rule of silence brings more hardship with it than people, and especially poets, who have never been in monasteries are apt to imagine. It takes all the poetry out of solitude and in practice is an actual torment.

But I have not yet mentioned one of the most peculiar inventions of the novitiate. What will the uninitiated think of speaking to a stock or stone? Is that a rational or exhilarating exercise? Yet it is precisely what was practiced in the Passionist novitiate while I was there. As previously stated it is the custom to permit the novices to converse only in pairs; but sometimes it happened that there was an odd number, and then without more ado the master would order the last novice to sit on the floor and talk to a chair or to the leg of the table. For the time being therefore the chair or the leg of the table would become that novice's companion. How refreshing it must have been to the poor novice to ask the leg of the table how it had spent its time during prayer in the morning, whether it loved God, or whether it was tired being imprisoned and left without a companion? I had actually heard this sort of idiotic talk so often that it no longer excited even surprise, but seemed to me to be something quite natural.

It is no wonder that recreation under such circumstances should not be a pleasant exercise, and that a sigh of relief should go up from every heart when the bell rang indicating the end of the recreation. The rule was that when the master assigned a companion to anyone he was to keep to that one until a change was ordered. In consequence the novice that had been assigned to the leg of the table at noon would, without further questioning, the moment that he entered the recreation room in the evening seat himself on the floor and resume the one-sided conversation. At last the master would have compassion on him and let him speak to some of the other novices. But even then his recreation would not be much happier. The constant repetition of the same silly questions and answers made the mind weary, and it would often happen that two novices would pass the whole time without exchanging more than a few words.

Besides speaking only on certain subjects, the conversation was also constantly superintended by the master and vice-master of novices. They heard everything that was said and, as a rule, found a great deal to criticize and correct. The recreation room for the novices was about eighteen feet long and twelve or fourteen feet wide; along the sides were wooden benches with straight backs, and in the center was a long wooden table. As we marched into the room we were assigned our places, and there we had to sit or stand, as ordered by the master, with our eyes fixed on the ground. During the recreation we were given some kind of work, such as making

rosaries, disciplines or scourges, badges and caps. We were to work as well as to speak, and perhaps the working was more of a diversion, though it consisted of making instruments of penance, than the speaking.

The supervision of our recreation was not an idle thing, and even if the master or vice-master did not hear all that was said, the remarks were sure to be reported by a fellow novice, as he was in duty bound to tell the master anything out of the ordinary that was said or heard. I was soon caught in this trap myself. Without thinking that I was saying anything improper I remarked one day that I had been reading the "Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius," and that I could not find anything to admire in them. I thought the meditations were very far fetched and exaggerated. An hour had scarcely passed before I was called to the master's room and questioned about my criticism of the founder of the Jesuits. I was ordered to get on my knees and ask pardon of the other novices for my scandalous declaration. I was told that what I had said implied a proud assumption of the right to judge such holy men as St. Ignatius; that my remark was not far from being a mortal sin; that I was on the point of becoming a heretic; that I had said disparaging things of the greatest spiritual book in existence; that popes and councils, holy and learned men, had all approved the "Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius," and it was, therefore, unspeakable audacity in me not to admire the work as good, pious and holy. My fault was so magnified into something horrible that I feared expulsion every moment, and was happy to get off with merely asking the novices' pardon for the scandalous remarks that I had made.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## St. Patrick and the Snakes.

BY REV. JOSEPH SANDERSON, D. D., LL.D., NEW YORK.

There is a hymn specially in honor of St. Patrick sung everywhere in the Roman Catholic churches in Ireland on St. Patrick's day. One stanza of this hymn is the following:

There is not a saint in the bright courts of heaven  
More faithful than he, to the land of his choice;  
Oh, well may the nation, to whom he was given,  
In the feast of their sire and apostle rejoice.

In glory above,  
True to his love,  
He keeps the false faith from his children away—  
That dark false faith,  
Far worse than death;

He drives it far off from the green sunny shore,  
Like the reptiles that fled from his curse in dismay;  
And Erin, when error's proud triumph is o'er,  
Will still be found keeping St. Patrick's Day.

Surely it should not be considered unkind or in bad taste for the author of the "Story of St. Patrick" to give in his book a simple statement of the facts regarding St. Patrick and the snakes, when the current fable relating thereto is made a subject of praise in a devotional hymn sung in holy worship in Roman churches, in honor of the saint, on the day annually observed to celebrate his memory.

### VARIOUS NOTES.

#### Paulist Fathers Unmasked.

One effect of the Pope's anti-American letter is that the Paulists have ceased to send communications to the daily papers. Like Archbishop Ireland they have sent a letter of submission to the Pope, saying they were only trying to pull the wool over the eyes of the American people. The truth is that the Paulists and Gibbons and Ireland do not believe in the distinctive doctrines of the Roman Church, but they have not the courage to say so. The consequences would be too serious for them. They could not take their stand with the Apostle Paul who had suffered the loss of all things for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Rather are they of those to whom the Apostle refers in the same Epistle to the Philippians:

"For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping that they are enemies of the cross of Christ:

"Whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, who glory in their shame, who mind earthly things."

It is shameful that American Protestants should pay heed to those men, the slaves of the Pope, from whom the Catholics are turning away in such large numbers.

#### A Boy Converted to Christ.

Reports of conversions from the Roman Catholic Church continue to come to us. A prominent business-man in Massachusetts, whose wife is a converted Catholic in sending his annual subscription, writes:

"The work you are doing is one of the best in our country, and as long as God enables me to do something in return for what He has done for me and mine, I shall not neglect the blessed work into which He has called you.

"We have a blessed revival in our church and many have found their way into new life in Christ, and among them is my oldest child, a boy of twelve years, who was taken by his mother's people when an infant and baptized into the Roman Catholic Church. I shall never forget how I felt and how I cried to see that child—as it was—torn from my bosom, so much against my wishes. I felt as though it would be an eternal separation in our lives. Thank God for the reality of a religion that does not separate but unites us in the love of a common Saviour. I have often prayed that in some way the chains that so bind and so hold the people to the sophistry of the papal teachings might be forever broken. Your work is in the right spirit. That will win the people and break down the papal system.

D. J. B.

### The Converted Catholic.

The Fifteenth Volume of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC includes the numbers bound for 1898. The editor is a converted priest, who is now a minister of the Gospel in New York, and who has been the means of leading not less than sixty Roman Catholic priests to become Protestants. The work is interesting and valuable, and seems to be doing good service in promoting the interests of Protestant truth and enlightening the Roman Catholic population.—Boston Congregationalist, Jan. 19.

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The year's parts of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC form a substantial volume. The Editor has been instrumental in leading many Catholics out of the darkness of Romanism into the light of the Gospel. In a series of open letters to Cardinal Gibbons he gives an admirable survey of the causes and results, from a religious point of view, of the recent war with Spain.—London Christian.

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The bound Volume (XV.) of this magazine contains 384 pages of interesting reading. The Editor, the Rev. James A. O'Connor, was a Roman Catholic priest for eight years. For the last twenty years he has been a minister of the Gospel in New York City, and has been successful in converting many Catholics from the superstitions and darkness of Romanism into the light of the Gospel.—Religious Telescope, Dayton, Ohio, Dec. 28.